



*A Companion Volume to
"The Little Book of Modern Verse"*



THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS

EDITED BY

Jessie B. Rittenhouse



EVER since the publication of "The Little Book of Modern Verse," Miss Rittenhouse has been urged by American poetry lovers to do for the poetry of the nineteenth century what she has so successfully done for that of the twentieth. "The Little Book of American Poets" is the result. In its pages are represented the works of 140 poets, chosen with the same unerring skill that made her previous anthology the most popular of recent years. Every poetry lover should own these two companion volumes, containing between them the choicest American verse.

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Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS.
THE LITTLE BOOK OF MODERN VERSE.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

**THE LITTLE BOOK
OF AMERICAN POETS**

THE LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETS

1787 - 1900

EDITED BY
JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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THE TEST

*I hung my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;
These the siroc could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light.
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive?*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

PREFACE

The Little Book of American Poets is designed as a companion volume to *The Little Book of Modern Verse*, the former covering the nineteenth century as the latter covers the twentieth. Each volume is complete in itself, but together they form a compendium of American poetry from the period of Philip Freneau to the present.

It is not the scheme of the volume to make a detailed survey of American verse, since Stedman and others have done this in collections which still remain authoritative, but rather to garner those poems which time has winnowed from the mass, to present in compact form some of the finer and more enduring things in our poetic literature.

It must be remembered that the technique of poetry changes and that work excellent, even supreme, in its own period, may not meet the standard of ours. Such a standard, however, should not be applied to it. Any art must be judged as the expression of its time, by its value as interpreting the age which produced it. Form changes less, perhaps, from period to period, than the vision, the spirit of the age. The poet of to-day is concerned with themes unknown to the poet of yesterday. The subject-matter of poetry has, indeed, undergone so radical a change that it will be interesting to note the diversity in content of *The Little Book of American Poets* and *The Little Book of Modern Verse*.

To represent the nineteenth century more ade-

quately, several poets included in the former collection, whose work has fallen almost equally within the two periods, are repeated in this volume. The selections, however, are distinct. Preference in space in this collection has naturally been given to those not included in the other, and if the representation of any contemporary poet seem inadequate, it will be found that his work is much more fully presented in *The Little Book of Modern Verse*.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

August, 1915.

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THE LITTLE BOOK
OF AMERICAN POETS.

SONG OF THYRSIS

THE turtle on yon withered bough,
That lately mourned her murdered mate,
Has found another comrade now —
Such changes all await!
Again her drooping plume is drest,
Again she's willing to be blest
And takes her lover to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so
With all above, and all below,
Let us like them forget our woe,
And not be killed with sorrow.
If I should quit your arms to-night
And chance to die before 't was light,
I would advise you — and you might —
Love again to-morrow.

Philip Freneau.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND

IN spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands; —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit, —
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer — a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

Philip Freneau.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

I

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand,
The symbol of her chosen land.

II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,

And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
Where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

ELEGIAC

O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are
contending!

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for
aye, —

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never
ending, —

Glory that never shall fade, never, O never, away!

O, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly re-
poses

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his
love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears. They crown him with
garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he tri-
umphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for
country hath perished;

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there
with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is
cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure from the
funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted for-
ever;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise, val-
iant, and free.

O, then, how great for our country to die, in the front
rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in
our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory
cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the
sweet music to hear.

James Gates Percival.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

GREEN be the turf above thee,

Friend of my better days!

None knew thee but to love thee,

Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

MY CHILD

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes — he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that — he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that — he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find — that he is there!

John Pierpont.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
Why o'er the waves dost fly?

O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail, —
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge —
The Mystery — the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulcher and pall,
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells, —
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring

Thy spirit nevermore.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

Richard Henry Dana.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

William Cullen Bryant.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list

To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice: —

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread;

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold No-
vember rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long
ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:

Yet not unmeet was it that one like that young friend
of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

William Cullen Bryant.

A HEALTH

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears

The image of themselves by turns, —
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

SONG

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some belovèd health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old, impassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers
And airy gems, — thy words.

Edward Coate Pinkney.

DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BACCHUS

BRING me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through
Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;
We buy diluted wine;
Give me of the true, —
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven
Draw everlasting dew;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms, and mold of statures,
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun,
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is, —
Music and wine are one, —
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;
Kings unborn shall walk with me,
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.
I thank the joyful juice
For all I know; —
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lote!
Haste to cure the old despair; —
Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched;
Give them again to shine;
Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the agèd prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below, —
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew; —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?

Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise, —
The Book itself before me lies, —
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail: —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softens the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, — fault of novel germs, —
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,

Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the Gladiators, halt and numb.”

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
“Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

MONTEREY

WE were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day —
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he then could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on — still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many — we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

OFt have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an indistinguishable roar.

So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists paint
Around the shining forehead of the saint,
And are in their completeness incomplete!

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire, —
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o’er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o’erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering’s Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy’s brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD

WE sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange,
I could but mark; the leaves of memory seemed to
make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And as their splendor flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,
The ocean roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'T was near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo —
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair —
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray,

For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings:
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate, — I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice,
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow,
And there in spring the veeries sing
A song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night, —
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ICHABOD

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Reville him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ISRAFEL

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,

And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love's a grown-up god —
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST

ONCE it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.

Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless —
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye —
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave: — from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dew comes down in drops.
They weep: — from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

Edgar Allan Poe.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

THOU wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine —
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!" — but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
"No more — no more — no more —"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

Edgar Allan Poe.

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Edgar Allan Poe

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

If thy sad heart, pining for human love,
In its earth solitude grew dark with fear,
Lest the high Sun of Heaven itself should prove
Powerless to save from that phantasmal sphere
Wherein thy spirit wandered, — if the flowers
That pressed around thy feet, seemed but to bloom
In lone Gethsemanes, through starless hours,
When all who loved had left thee to thy doom, —
Oh, yet believe that in that hollow vale
Where thy soul lingers, waiting to attain
So much of Heaven's sweet grace as shall avail
To lift its burden of remorseful pain,
My soul shall meet thee, and its Heaven forego
Till God's great love, on both, one hope, one Heaven
bestow.

Sarah Helen Whitman.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

HERE lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;

Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here with brows bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless vale of Dis,
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Poor, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.

Fate found a rare soul pliant
And wrung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir,
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were finely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lonely portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Here cenotaphed his fame.

John Henry Boner.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,

And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmama has said, —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree,
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GNOSIS

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

A DEATH-BED

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise.

James Aldrich.

YOURSELF

'T is to yourself I speak; you cannot know
Him whom I call in speaking such a one,
For you beneath the earth lie buried low,
Which he, alone, as living walks upon.
You may at times have heard him speak to you,
And often wished perchance that you were he;

And I must ever wish that it were true,
For then you could hold fellowship with me:
But now you hear us talk as strangers, met
Above the room wherein you lie abed;
A word perhaps loud spoken you may get,
Or hear our feet when heavily they tread;
But he who speaks, or he who's spoken to,
Must both remain as strangers still to you.

Jones Very.

THE IDLER

I IDLE stand that I may find employ,
Such as my Master when He comes will give;
I cannot find in mine own work my joy,
But wait, although in waiting I must live;
My body shall not turn which way it will,
But stand till I the appointed road can find,
And journeying so his messages fulfil,
And do at every step the work designed.
Enough for me, still day by day to wait
Till Thou who formest me findest me too a task,
A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,
Content for the few crumbs I get to ask,
A laborer but in heart, while bound my hands
Hang idly down still waiting thy commands.

Jones Very.

MY PRAYER

GREAT God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my action I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated thy designs.

Henry David Thoreau.

INSPIRATION

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it, —

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse forever wear, —
Time cannot bend the line which God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;

I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life;
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,
'T is peace's end, and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall, or some chance place,
Unseasoning time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which wooed me young, and wooes me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

Henry David Thoreau.

SMOKE

LIGHT-WINGED Smoke! Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

Henry David Thoreau.

THOREAU

WHO nearer Nature's life would truly come
Must nearest come to him of whom I speak;
He all kinds knew, — the vocal and the dumb;
Masterful in genius was he, and unique,
Patient, sagacious, tender, frolicsome.
This Concord Pan would oft his whistle take,
And forth from wood and fen, field, hill, and lake,
Trooping around him in their several guise,
The shy inhabitants their haunts forsake:
Then he, like Æsop, man would satirize,
Hold up the image wild to clearest view
Of undiscerning manhood's puzzled eyes,
And mocking say, "Lo! mirrors here for you:
Be true as these, if ye would be more wise."

Amos Bronson Alcott.

THOREAU'S FLUTE

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him: —
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands;

Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

“Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine, —
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
'Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

“To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen, —
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him, — he is with thee.”

Louisa May Alcott.

TEARS IN SPRING

(LAMENT FOR THOREAU)

THE swallow is flying over,
But he will not come to me;
He flits, my daring rover,
From land to land, from sea to sea;
Where hot Bermuda's reef
Its barrier lifts to fortify the shore,

Above the surf's wild roar
He darts as swiftly o'er, —
But he who heard his cry of spring
Hears that no more, heeds not his wing.

How bright the skies that dally
Along day's cheerful arch,
And paint the sunset valley!
How redly buds the larch!
Blackbirds are singing,
Clear hylas ringing,
Over the meadow the frogs proclaim
The coming of Spring to boy and dame,
But not to me, —
Nor thee!

And golden crowfoot's shining near,
Spring everywhere that shoots 't is clear,
A wail in the wind is all I hear;
A voice of woe for a lover's loss,
A motto for a travelling cross, —
And yet it is mean to mourn for thee,
In the form of bird or blossom or bee.

Cold are the sods of the valley to-day
Where thou art sleeping,
That took thee back to thy native clay;
Cold, — if above thee the grass is peeping
And the patient sunlight creeping,
While the bluebird sits on the locust-bough
Whose shadow is painted across thy brow,
And carols his welcome so sad and sweet
To the Spring that comes and kisses his feet.

William Ellery Channing.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred; —
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven; —
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps; —
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays; —
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

James Russell Lowell.

MY LOVE

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise:
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true

Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Seems following its own wayward will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

James Russell Lowell.

COMMEMORATION ODE

I

WEAK-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,

And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
 Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:
 Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
 A gracious memory to buoy up and save
 From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
 Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back
 Her wisest Scholars, those who understood
 The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
 And offered their fresh lives to make it good:
 No lore of Greece or Rome,
 No science peddling with the names of things,
 Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
 Can lift our life with wings
 Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits
 And lengthen out our dates
 With that clear fame whose memory sings
 In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates:
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!
 Not such the trumpet-call
 Of thy diviner mood,
 That could thy sons entice
 From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest
 Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,
 Into War's tumult rude;
 But rather far that stern device
 The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood
 In the dim, unventured wood,
 The VERITAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
 Life of whate'er makes life worth living,

Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:

 Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
 Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
 What is there that abides

To make the next age better for the last?
 Is earth too poor to give us
 Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle
 moon?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free;
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true;
 With our laborious hiving
 What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
 After our little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
 But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
 For in our likeness still we shape our fate.
 Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
 Something that gives our feeble light
 A high immunity from Night,
 Something that leaps life's narrow bars
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
 A seed of sunshine that can leaven
 Our earthly dullness with the beams of stars,
 And glorify our clay
 With light from fountains elder than the Day;

A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
 A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate
 years.

v

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath;
But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed

Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapor's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,

Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to
face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory

Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
 Or only guess some more inspiring goal
 Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
 Along whose course the flying axles burn
 Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood;
 Long as below we cannot find
 The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,
 Under whatever mortal names it masks,
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
 That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
 While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,
 Shall win man's praise and woman's love,
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above

All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we inwreath
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine them,
sear.

What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best; —
Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;

And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!

For never shall their aureoled presence lack:

I see them muster in a gleaming row,

With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;

We find in our dull road their shining track;

In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow,

Part of our life's unalterable good,

Of all our saintlier aspiration;

They come transfigured back,

Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,

Beautiful evermore, and with the rays

Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

IX

But is there hope to save

Even this ethereal essence from the grave?

What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong

Save a few clarion names, or golden threads of song?

Before my musing eye

The mighty ones of old sweep by,

Disvoic'd now and insubstantial things,

As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,

Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,

And many races, nameless long ago,

To darkness driven by that imperious gust

Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:

O visionary world, condition strange,

Where naught abiding is but only Change,

Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still shift
and range!

Shall we to more continuance make pretence?
Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;
And, bit by bit,

The cunning years steal all from us but woe;
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.

But, when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
Save to make green their little length of sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?
Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless: but the Soul resents
Such short-lived service, as if blind events
Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;
She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;
Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;
Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,

Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
And her clear trump sings succor everywhere
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;
For soul inherits all that soul could dare:

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man.
The single deed, the private sacrifice,
So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,
Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years;
But that high privilege that makes all men peers,
That leap of heart whereby a people rise

Up to a noble anger's height,
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow
 more bright,
 That swift validity in noble veins,
 Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,
 Of being set on flame
 By the pure fire that flies all contact base
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
 These are imperishable gains,
 Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
 These hold great futures in their lusty reins
 And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race?
 Roundhead and Cavalier!
 Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
 They flit across the ear:
 That is best blood that hath most iron in 't
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
 For what makes manhood dear.
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
 Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
 How poor their outworn coronets,
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
 Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
 Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
 With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an hour
Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'T is no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a Nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for 't is her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!
Banners, a-dance with triumph, bend your staves!

And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent,
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save
her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmed
shore.

No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reck not what we gave thee;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

James Russell Lowell.

AUSPEX

My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days to fill it,
Instead of lark-or linnet,
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,
Without the passion stronger
That skyward longs and sings, —
Woe's me, I shall be lonely

When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,
Like birds the brown leaves hover;
But it will not be long
Before their wild confusion
Fall wavering down to cover
The poet and his song.

James Russell Lowell.

SONG

O BIRD, thou dartest to the sun,
When morning beams first spring,
And I, like thee, would swiftly run;
As sweetly would I sing.
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
Unto the source of fire;
Thou drinkest from its glowing cup
And quenchest thy desire.

O dew, thou droppest soft below,
And pearlest all the ground,
Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thou never canst be found.
I would like thine had been my birth;
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep the night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

O clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,

While moon and stars your fold can keep
And gently shepherd you,
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new-shorn fleeces white.

O singing winds, that wander far,
Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and star
Along the bending dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
That sing so far away.

For they are free, ye all are free,
And bird, and dew, and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Oh, would like theirs had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

Maria White Lowell.

GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:

That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

Josiah Gilbert Holland.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The twilight faint and pale
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and, turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'T is done.

"Thus much is saved from chance and change,
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much — how little! — from the range
Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay, —
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live, —
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When this quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,

And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,

"This senseless stone, so coldly fair,
That love nor life can warm,
The same enchanting look shall wear,
The same enchanting form.

"Its peace no sorrow shall destroy;
Its beauty age shall spare
The bitterness of vanished joy,
The wearing waste of care.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
'So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved!'"

William Wetmore Story.

ON A BUST OF DANTE

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song:
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide —
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumae's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the convent's guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine —

When hell he peopled with his foes,
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

Thomas William Parsons.

DIRGE

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her
lover:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the
 oriole perches:

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the
 clover;

Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his
 cover;

Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:

Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Plant the lordly pine upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And memory shall dream upon it.

“Captain or Colonel,” — whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station, —
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a
 mighty nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,

Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,

And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death — bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

George Henry Boker.

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash

With smile that well her pain dissembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash

One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And Fame shall never know her story, —
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle, —
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her, —
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
 Is far away,
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
 My wingèd boat,
 A bird afloat,
 Swings round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies, —
O'er veiled with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows; —
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew, —
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before, —
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung —

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year; —

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,

To warn the reaper of the rosy east, —
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy
gloom;

Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow, — he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume, —
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords, — but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped, — her head was
bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene; —
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.
Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortified house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks — from the keep
of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks — with a
whisper
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love.)

Walt Whitman.

OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY
ROCKING

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where
 the child leaving his bed wandered alone, bare-
 headed, barefoot,
Down from the showered halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twist-
 ing as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful
 risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and
 swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there
 in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such as now they start the scene revisiting,
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and here-
 after,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping be-
 yond them,
A reminiscence sing.

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month
grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briers,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with
brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest,
silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never
disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer
weather,

Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-
bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up sea-winds along Paumanok's shore;
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes, my brother, I know, —
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note,
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with
the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the
sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,

*And again another behind embracing and lapping, every
one close,*

But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,

It is lagging — O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,

With love, with love.

*O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the
breakers?*

What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!

Loud I call to you, my love!

High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves,

Surely you must know who is here, is here,

You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!

What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?

O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!

O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!

*Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could give me my
mate back again if you only would,*

*For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I
look.*

O rising stars!

*Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with
some of you.*

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth,
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down into
the sea!
O reckless despairing carols!

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea,
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to
me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come im-
mediately to me.

Hither, my love!
Here I am! here!
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you,
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere:
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice,
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray,
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

*O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon
the sed!*

O troubled reflection in the sea!

O throat! O throbbing heart!

And I singing uselessly! uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!

In the air, in the woods, over fields,

Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!

But my mate no more, no more with me!

We two together no more.

The aria sinking,

All else continuing, the stars shining,

The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous
echoing,

With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly
moaning,

On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,

The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, droop-
ing, the face of the sea almost touching,

The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with
his hair the atmosphere dallying,

The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last
tumultuously bursting,

The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,

The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,

The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,

The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly
crying,

To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some
drown'd secret hissing,

To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul)

Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really
to me?

For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now
I have heard you,

Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs,
clearer, louder and more sorrowful than
yours,

A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within
me, never to die.

O you singers solitary, singing by yourself, projecting
me,

O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease per-
petuating you,

Never more shall I escape, never more the reverbera-
tions,

Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent
from me,

Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was
before what there in the night,

By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there aroused, the fire, the sweet hell
within,

The unknown want, the destiny of me.

O give me the clew! (it lurks in the night here some-
where)

O if I am to have so much, let me have more!

A word then, (for I will conquer it)

The word final, superior to all,

Subtle, sent up — what is it? — I listen;

Are you whispering it, and have been all the time,
you sea-waves?

Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands?

Whereto answering, the sea,

Delaying not, hurrying not,

Whispered me through the night, and very plainly
before daybreak,

Lisped to me the low and delicious word death,

And again death, death, death, death,

Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my
aroused child's heart,

But edging near as privately for me, rustling at my
feet,

Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me
softly all over,

Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,

But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,

That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's
gray beach,

With the thousand responsive songs at random,

My own songs awaked from that hour,

And with them the key, the word up from the waves,

The word of the sweetest song and all songs,

That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my
feet,

(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed
in sweet garments, bending aside)

The sea whispered me.

Walt Whitman.

DEATH CAROL

(From "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed")

COME, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love — But praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

Then I chant it for thee — I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!
When it is so — when thou hast taken them, I joyously
sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee — adornments
and feastings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread
sky, are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful
night.

The night, in silence, under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave,
 whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled
 Death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
Over the rising and sinking waves — over the myriad
 fields, and the prairies wide;
Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming
 wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!
Walt Whitman.

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN

GIVE me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-
 dazzling,
Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the
 orchard,
Give me a field where the unmowed grass grows,
Give me an arbor, give me the trellised grape,
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving
 animals teaching content,
Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west
 of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars,
Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful
 flowers where I can walk undisturbed,
Give me for marriage a sweet-breathed woman of
 whom I should never tire,
Give me a perfect child; give me, away aside from the
 noise of the world, a rural domestic life,

Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself,
for my own ears only,

Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again O
Nature your primal sanities!

These demanding to have them, (tired with ceaseless
excitement, and racked by the war-strife)

These to procure incessantly asking, rising in cries
from my heart,

While yet incessantly asking still I adhere to my city
Day upon day and year upon year, O city, walking
your streets,

Where you hold me enchained a certain time refusing
to give me up,

Yet giving to make me gluttoned, enriched of soul, you
give me forever faces;

(O I see what I ought to escape, confronting, reversing
my cries,

I see my own soul trampling down what it asked for.)

Keep your splendid silent sun,

Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places by
the woods,

Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-
fields and orchards,

Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields where the
Ninth-month bees hum;

Give me faces and streets — give me these phantoms
incessant and endless along the trottoirs!

Give me interminable eyes — give me women — give
me comrades and lovers by the thousand!

Let me see new ones every day — let me hold new
ones by the hand every day!

Give me such shows — give me the streets of Manhattan!

Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching —
give me the sound of the trumpets and drums!

(The soldiers in companies or regiments — some starting away flushed and reckless,

Some, their time up, returning with thinned ranks,
young, yet very old, worn, marching, noticing nothing;)

Give me the shores and wharves heavy-fringed with
black ships!

O such for me! O an intense life, full to repletion and
varied!

The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!

The saloon of the steamer! The crowded excursion for
me! The torchlight procession!

The dense brigade bound for the war, with high-piled
military wagons following;

People, endless, streaming, with strong voices, passions,
pageants,

Manhattan streets with their powerful throbs, with
beating drums as now,

The endless and noisy chorus, the rustle and clank of
muskets (even the sight of the wounded),

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical
chorus!

Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

Walt Whitman.

A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER

A NOISELESS, patient spider,
I marked, where, on a little promontory, it stood
isolated;
Marked how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of
itself;
Ever unreeling them — ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of
space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, — seeking
the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be formed — till the
ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere,
O my Soul.

Walt Whitman.

THE SNOWING OF THE PINES

SOFTER than silence, stiller than still air
Float down from high pine-boughs the slender leaves.
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
High up, the crows are gathering for the night;

The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snow-flakes drop as lightly — snows on snows.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE TRUMPETER

I BLEW, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding;
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrong,
And men stood forth to conquer at the song —
I blew! I blew! I blew!

The field is won, the minstrels loud are crying,
And all the world is peace, and I am dying.
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain;
Enough if I alone recall the strain,
I blew! I blew! I blew!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BLACKBIRD

ONE on another against the wall
Pile up the books, — I am done with them all!
I shall be wise, if I ever am wise,
Out of my own ears, and of my own eyes.

One day of the woods and their balmy light, —
One hour on the top of a breezy hill,
There in the sassafras all out of sight
The blackbird is splitting his slender bill
For the ease of his heart!

Do you think if he said
I will sing like this bird with the mud-colored back
And the two little spots of gold over his eyes,
Or like to this shy little creature that flies
So low to the ground, with the amethyst rings
About her small throat, — all alive when she sings
With a glitter of shivering green, — for the rest,
Gray shading to gray, with the sheen of her breast
Half rose and half fawn, —

Or like this one so proud,
That flutters so restless, and cries out so loud,
With stiff horny beak and a topknotted head,
And a lining of scarlet laid under his wings, —
Do you think, if he said, “I’m ashamed to be black!”
That he could have shaken the sassafras tree
As he does with the song he was born to? Not he!

Alice Cary.

A STRIP OF BLUE

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine, —
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine, —
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity, —
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze,
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams;
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew, —
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes, —
The people of the sky, —
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by;
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn till night;
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole; .
By hints are mysteries told.

The fringes of eternity, —
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glittering sea,
I reach out for and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones, —
Sapphire and amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kist.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift,
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is oped unto my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.

Lucy Larcom.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE

BLUE gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead —
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from
We know, and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
"T is my watch," he would mutter,
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck, by the foremast!
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare —
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks)
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks: —
“We therefore commit his body
To the deep ” — and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o’er his canvas coffin;
But, silence to doubt and dole: —
There’s a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft,
Loose to’ gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead —
Every man to his duty,
We have buried our dead!

Henry Howard Brownell.

THE TWO FRIENDS

I HAVE two friends — two glorious friends — two
better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to
laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves — ten years ago
in Spain.

The second drowned near Alicante — while I alive
remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating
through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning
light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land is leading
a lordly life,

The second has married a mermaid, a beautiful
water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea — with
a few, I trust, on high,

'T is a matter of small account to me — the way that
I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on
the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the same
to me.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

TYRE

THE wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of
Tyre, —
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland
roars,
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long
desire:
“Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of
Tyre?”

Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every
land,
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have
blown,
Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and o’er-
thrown;
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire,
To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of
Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the
waves, —
Thou that thyself exalted, till Kings became thy
slaves?

Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will
obeyed, —

Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore
afraid, —

Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and thought them
strong and sure,

And boasted midst the waters, Shall I not aye en-
dure?

Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy princely
mart?

The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian
art;

The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa's spicy store;

The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward
bore,

When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the
sea

With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is laid
waste:

There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced.

No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;

No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in Shenir's
vales

And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of
sun,

Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and
sing:

Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king:

Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair un-
bound,
Sit on the piles of ruins, thou throneless and dis-
crowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of
the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered
be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still la-
ments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnifi-
cence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder
now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled
brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain de-
sire:
“Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of
Tyre?”

Bayard Taylor.

SONG

DAUGHTER of Egypt, veil thine eyes!
I cannot bear their fire;
Nor will I touch with sacrifice
Those altars of desire.
For they are flames that shun the day,
And their unholy light
Is fed from natures gone astray
In passion and in night.

The stars of Beauty and of Sin,
They burn amid the dark,
Like beacons that to ruin win
The fascinated bark.
Then veil their glow, lest I forswear
The hopes thou canst not crown,
And in the black waves of thy hair
My struggling manhood drown!

Bayard Taylor.

BEDOUIN SONG

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
Unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die

*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
Unfold!*

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
*Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
Unfold!*

Bayard Taylor.

TO A LATE COMER

WHY didst thou come into my life so late?
If it were morning I could welcome thee
With glad all-hails, and bid each hour to be
The willing servitor of thine estate,
Lading thy brave ships with Time's richest freight;
If it were noonday I might hope to see
On some fair height thy banners floating free,
And hear the acclaiming voices call thee great!
But it is nightfall and the stars are out;
Far in the west the crescent moon hangs low,
And near at hand the lurking shadows wait;

Darkness and silence gather round about,
Lethe's black stream is near its overflow, —
Ah, friend, dear friend, why didst thou come so
late?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

“THALATTA! THALATTA!”

CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND

I STAND upon the summit of my years;
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,
The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the dim Beyond;
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care.
Eternity! — Deliverance, Promise, Course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

Joseph Brownlee Brown.

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

Phæbe Cary.

ALAS!

SINCE, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,
What matter that half the weary world
Lies between our feet;

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
 You by the pleasant Rhine?
 Our hearts were just as far apart
 If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
 I leave the past behind;
 And standing here by the sea alone,
 I give it to the wind.

I give it to the cruel wind
 And I have no word to say;
 Yet, alas! to be as we have been,
 And to be as we are to-day!

Phæbe Cary.

EBB AND FLOW

I WALKED beside the evening sea,
 And dreamed a dream that could not be;
 The waves that plunged along the shore
 Said only — “Dreamer, dream no more!”

But still the legions charged the beach;
 Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;
 But changed was the imperial strain:
 It murmured — “Dreamer, dream again!”

I homeward turned from out the gloom, —
 That sound I heard not in my room;
 But suddenly a sound that stirred
 Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:
But like the waves along the shore,
It said — “Dream on!” and “Dream no more!”
George William Curtis.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

BIRDS

BIRDS are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

MERCEDES

UNDER a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies;
He knows where the red gold lies,
He knows where the diamonds shine; —
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up;
I tear its flaming leaves apart; —
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate;
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But left my dagger in the gate; —
Now she knows her lover's fate!

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —

Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Broïdered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain: —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:

They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day: —
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch.

AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves ..
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

Henry Timrod.

SPRING

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all alee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

And yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,

Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrops tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would
start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Henry Timrod.

QUATORZAIN

MOST men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest

In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible god, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

Henry Timrod.

BOOKRA

As I lay asleep in Italy. — Shelley.

ONE night I lay asleep in Africa,
In a closed garden by the city gate;
A desert horseman, furious and late,
Came wildly thundering at the massive bar,
“Open in Allah’s name! Wake, Mustapha!
Slain is the Sultan, — treason, war, and hate
Rage from Fez to Tetuan! Open straight.”
The watchman heard as thunder from afar:
“Go to! In peace this city lies asleep;
To all-knowing Allah ’t is no news you bring;”
Then turned in slumber still his watch to keep.
At once a nightingale began to sing,
In oriental calm the garden lay, —
Panic and war postponed another day.

Charles Dudley Warner.

MIDWINTER

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, wrapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery vale;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shirk
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree:
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

John Townsend Trowbridge.

EVENING

I KNOW the night is near at hand.
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

S. Weir Mitchell.

OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO HAVE FAILED

DEATH's but one more to-morrow. Thou art gray
With many a death of many a yesterday.
O yearning heart that lacked the athlete's force
And, stumbling, fell upon the beaten course,
And looked, and saw with ever glazing eyes
Some lower soul that seemed to win the prize!
Lo, Death, the just, who comes to all alike,
Life's sorry scales of right anew shall strike.
Forth, through the night, on unknown shores to win
The peace of God unstirred by sense of sin!
There love without desire shall, like a mist
At evening precious to the opening flower,
Possess thy soul in ownership, and kissed
By viewless lips, whose touch shall be a dower
Of genius and of winged serenity,
Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy.
There soul hath touch of soul, and there the great
Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden gate.
Freeborn to untold thoughts that age on age
Caressed sweet singers in their sacred sleep,
Thy soul shall enter on its heritage
Of God's unuttered wisdom. Thou shalt sweep
With hand assured the ringing lyre of life,
Till the fierce anguish of its bitter strife,

Its pain, death, discord, sorrow, and despair,
Break into rhythmic music. Thou shalt share
The prophet-joy that kept forever glad
God's poet-souls when all a world was sad.

Enter and live! Thou hast not lived before;
We were but soul-cast shadows. Ah, no more
The heart shall bear the burdens of the brain;
Now shall the strong heart think, nor think in vain.
In the dear company of peace, and those
Who bore for man life's utmost agony,
Thy soul shall climb to cliffs of still repose,
And see before thee lie Time's mystery,
And that which is God's time, Eternity;
Whence, sweeping over thee, dim myriad things,
The awful centuries yet to be, in hosts
That stir the vast of heaven with formless wings,
Shall cast for thee their shrouds and, like to ghosts,
Unriddle all the past, till, awed and still,
Thy soul the secret hath of good and ill.

S. Weir Mitchell.

IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over,
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter, have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing to seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

And behold! like the welcoming quiver.
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over,
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release:
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the harbor at last, —
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,
That throb through the sanctified river,
Which girdle the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing to seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD
LINGER YET

A LITTLE while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, Sweet, our eyes with tender tears are wet:
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "We part"!)
So, ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when light and twilight meet, —
Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep, —
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet,
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

PARTING

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell:
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Emily Dickinson.

CHOICE

Of all the souls that stand create
I have elected one,
When sense from spirit flies away
And subterfuge is done;

When that which is and that which was
Apart, intrinsic, stand,
And this brief tragedy of flesh
Is shifted like a sand;

When figures show their royal front
And mists are carved away, —
Behold the atom I preferred
To all the lists of clay!

Emily Dickinson.

SUSPENSE

ELYSIUM is as far as to
The very nearest room,
If in that room a friend await
Felicity or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming foot,
The opening of a door.

Emily Dickinson.

PEACE

I MANY times thought peace had come,
When peace was far away;
As wrecked men deem they sight the land
At centre of the sea,

And struggle slacker, but to prove,
As hopelessly as I,
How many the fictitious shores
Before the harbor lie.

Emily Dickinson.

CHARTLESS

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson.

MY DEARLING

My Dearling! — thus, in days long fled,
In spite of creed and court and queen,
King Henry wrote to Anne Boleyn, —
The dearest pet name ever said,
And dearly purchased, too, I ween!

Poor child! she played a losing game:
She won a heart, — so Henry said, —
But ah, the price she gave instead!
Men's hearts, at best, are but a name:
She paid for Henry's with her head!

You count men's hearts as something worth?
Not I: were I a maid unwed,
I'd rather have my own fair head
Than all the lovers on the earth,
Than all the hearts that ever bled!

“My Dearling!” with a love most true,
Having no fear of creed or queen,
I breathe that name my prayers between;
But it shall never bring to you
The hapless fate of Anne Boleyn!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

SEA-BIRDS

O LONESOME sea-gull, floating far
Over the ocean's icy waste,
Aimless and wide thy wanderings are,
Forever vainly seeking rest: —
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

'Twixt wintry sea and wintry sky,
Cleaving the keen air with thy breast,
Thou sailest slowly, solemnly;
No fetter on thy wing is pressed: —
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

O restless, homeless human soul,
Following for aye thy nameless quest,
The gulls float, and the billows roll;
Thou watchest still, and questionest: —
Where is thy mate, and where thy nest?

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

CORONATION

At the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand,
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

“Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?”
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied like one in dream, “Of thee,
Nothing. I want the king.”

Uprose the king, and from his head,
Shook off the crown and threw it by.
“O man, thou must have known,” he said
“A greater king than I.”

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, “Shall I know when
Before His throne I stand?”

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
“This is his presence now.”

At the king's gate the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

“Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?” The cry ran to and fro;
Beggar and king they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

SPINNING

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin:
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,

My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young, —
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

MORS BENEFICA

GIVE me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear:
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay,
But as that old man eloquent made way

From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;
Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear
The victory, one glorious moment stay.
Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,
No ministrant beside to ward and weep,
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

FALSTAFF'S SONG

WHERE'S he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
With his grave turf yet to grow,
Is dead as the sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?
What better chance hath he

To clink the can and toss the pot
When this night's junkets be?
For the lad that died o' yesterday
Is just as dead — ho! ho! —
As the whoreson knave men laid away
A thousand years ago.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

PROVENÇAL LOVERS

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

WITHIN the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair, —
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle"; —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in Heaven be
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To filch the Peter-pence we bring"; —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briars,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not — a starveling set!

Who'd care with folk like these to dine?
The other road 't were just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!" —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company," —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonair,
The pretty dames, the pretty brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquet
And have a friend or two besides, —
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs, and crests in vair and gray," —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below," —
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THEOCRITUS

AY! Unto thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus, —
Loved by the satyr and the faun!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine, the blood-red revels,
Thine, the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North;
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire;
Of mariners rocked asleep,
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train;
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodlands
 driven,
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again

Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring;
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall;
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,
The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

Annie Fields.

INDIRECTION

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that
clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that pre-
cedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-
mastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than
he did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath
foretold him,

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted
and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor
is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of
feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns
the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is
symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward
creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive
nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the
doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart
of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from
the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the
essence of life is divine.

Richard Real.

SOME DAY OF DAYS

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 't will be —
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greet-
ing,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

Nora Perry.

SUNDERED

I CHALLENGE not the oracle
That drove you from my board:
I bow before the dark decree
That scatters as I hoard.

Ye vanished like the sailing ships
That ride far out at sea:
I murmur, as your farewell dies,
And your forms float from me.

Ah! ties are sundered in this hour;
No tide of fortune rare
Shall bring me hearts I owned before,
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,
And leave their precious prize,
Returning home, they bear for freight
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! when ye come back to me,
And come not as of yore,
But with your alien wealth and peace,
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,
O you whom I adored!
Love hath no ties but Destiny
Shall cut them with a sword.

Sidney Henry Morse.

HIC JACET

So Love is dead that has been quick so long!
Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,
With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,
And leave him there, their pleasant scents among;

And chant a sweet and melancholy song
About the charms whereof he was possessed,
And how of all things he was loveliest,
And to compare with aught were him to wrong.

Leave him beneath the still and solemn stars,
That gather and look down from their far place
With their long calm our brief woes to deride,
Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars
And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his face; —
And yet, had Love been Love, he had not died.
Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE

How shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy, —

No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" We say, but doubt and fear remain.
Would any choose to part thus unaware?
Louise Chandler Moulton.

BALLAD

IN the summer even,
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
Till my love should come to shore.
The fishing-lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come, I sang, my true love,
Come hasten home to me!

But the sea, it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon;
And the young moon dropped from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea,
And wait! cried the night and wind and storm, —
Wait, till I come to thee!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter.

IRELAND

A GREAT, still Shape, alone,
She sits (her harp has fallen) on the sand,
And sees her children, one by one, depart: —
Her cloak (that hides what sins beside her own!)
Wrapped fold on fold about her. Lo;
She comforts her fierce heart,

As wailing some, and some gay-singing go,
With the far vision of that Greater Land
 Deep in the Atlantic skies,
 St. Brandan's Paradise!
 Another Woman there,
 Mighty and wondrous fair,
Stands on her shore-rock: — one uplifted hand
 Holds a quick-piercing light
 That keeps long sea-ways bright;
She beckons with the other, saying "Come,
 O landless, shelterless,
Sharp-faced with hunger, worn with long distress: —
 Come hither, finding home!
Lo, my new fields of harvest, open, free,
 By winds of blessing blown,
Whose golden corn-blades shake from sea to
 sea —
Fields without walls that all the people own!"

John James Piatt.

MEMORY

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
 The snowy hand detains me, then
 I'll have to say good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago —

 What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
 I'll have to say good-night again!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SONG FROM THE PERSIAN

AH, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch

The dear warm mouth of those they love —
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Ah, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in his heart by night.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS

A MAN should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,
And gave much work for but little bread,
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now! —
Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,
The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,
And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,
The saddest story that Art can tell —

Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,
Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;
But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes
As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;
Music haunted my dreams by day.
Now I listen and wait and long,
But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell:
Suddenly I had friends in crowds;
I bade the house-tops a long farewell;
“Good-bye,” I cried, “to the stars and clouds!

“But thou, rare soul, thou hast dwelt with me,
Spirit of Poesy! thou divine
Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,
Goddess! for ever and ever mine.”

And the woman I loved was now my bride,
And the house I wanted was my own;
I turned to the Goddess satisfied —
But the Goddess had somehow flown.

Flown, and I fear she will never return;
I am much too sleek and happy for her,
Whose lovers must hunger and waste and burn,
Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir.

I call — but she does not stoop to my cry;
I wait — but she lingers, and ah! so long!
It was not so in the years gone by,
When she touched my lips with chrism of song.

I swear I will get me a garret again,
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,
And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

For a man should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says:
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AFTER WINGS

THIS was your butterfly, you see, —
His fine wings made him vain:
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain. —
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again!"

O child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair:
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

Sarah M. B. Piatt.

REFUGE

SET your face to the sea, fond lover, —
Cold in darkness the sea-winds blow!
Waves and clouds and the night will cover
All your passion and all your woe:
Sobbing waves, and the death within them,
Sweet as the lips that once you prest —
Pray that your hopeless heart may win them!
Pray that your weary life may rest!

Set your face to the stars, fond lover, —
Calm, and silent, and bright, and true! —
They will pity you, they will hover
Softly over the deep for you.
Winds of heaven will sigh your dirges,
Tears of heaven for you be spent,

And sweet for you will the murmuring surges
Pour the wail of their low lament.

Set your face to the lonely spaces,
Vast and gaunt, of the midnight sky!
There, with the drifting cloud, your place is,
There with the griefs that cannot die.
Love is a mocking fiend's derision,
Peace a phantom, and faith a snare!
Make the hope of your heart a vision —
Look to heaven, and find it there!

William Winter.

THE RUBICON

ONE other bitter drop to drink,
And then — no more!
One little pause upon the brink,
And then — go o'er!
One sigh — and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

One pang — and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

One motion — and the stream is crossed,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then, onward! Whatso'er my fate,
I shall not care!
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate,
Can touch me there.

William Winter.

IF

YES, death is at the bottom of the cup,
And every one that lives must drink it up;
And yet between the sparkle at the top
And the black lees where lurks that bitter drop,
There swims enough good liquor, Heaven knows,
To ease our hearts of all their other woes.

The bubbles rise in sunshine at the brim;
That drop below is very far and dim;
The quick fumes spread, and shape us such bright
dreams
That in the glad delirium it seems
As though by some deft sleight, if so we willed,
That drop untasted might be somehow spilled.

William Dean Howells.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;

Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain by that I have undone?

William Dean Howells.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands .
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life, —
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view, —

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes down, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

John Hay.

MY MARYLAND

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain, —
“*Sic semper!*” ’t is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,

Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

James Ryder Randall.

THE PICKET-GUARD

November, 1861

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,

While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . ? Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket's off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

RELIEVING GUARD

CAME the relief. "What, sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark, — as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago, a star was falling."

"A star? there's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Bret Harte.

DICKENS IN CAMP

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered
faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 't was boyish fancy, — or the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English
meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly —
This spray of Western pine!

Bret Harte.

TO A SEA-BIRD

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,
Careless vagabond of the sea,
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,
The bar that thunders, the shale that rings, —
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's new;
Storms and wrecks are old things to thee;
Sick am I of these changes, too;
Little to care for, little to rue, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,
Bring thee at last to shore and me;
All of my journeyings end them here:
This our tether must be our cheer, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,
Something in common, old friend, have we:
Thou on the shingle seek'st thy nest,
I to the waters look for rest, —
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Bret Harte.

TAKE HEART

ALL day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time:
She died when dropped the earliest leaves;
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;
Yet I am not as one that grieves, —

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
The violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown,
Beside some golden summer's bier, —
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE MAKING OF MAN

As the insect from the rock
Takes the color of its wing;
As the boulder from the shock
Of the ocean's rhythmic swing

Makes itself a perfect form,
Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enamelled warm
With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
Whatsoe'er its lot may be, —
Building, as the heavens roll,
Something large and strong and free, —
Things that hurt and things that mar
Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
Friendlier than the smiling days.

John White Chadwick.

BYRON

IN men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I do not dare to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller.

SEA-BLOWN

Ah! there be souls none understand;
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land.
Unanchored ships, they blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down

In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown.

Call these not fools, the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Ay, there be gentlest souls sea-blown
That know not any harbor known.
Now it may be the reason is,
They touch on fairer shores than this.

Joaquin Miller.

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,

“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say” —
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

Joaquin Miller.

THE YUKON

THE moon resumed all heaven now,
She shepherded the stars below
Along her wide, white steeps of snow,
Nor stooped nor rested, where or how.

She bared her full white breast, she dared
The sun e'er show his face again.
She seemed to know no change, she kept
Carousal constantly, nor slept,
Nor turned aside a breath, nor spared
The fearful meaning, the mad pain,
The weary eyes, the poor dazed brain,
That came at last to feel, to see
The dread, dead touch of lunacy.

How loud the silence! Oh, how loud!
How more than beautiful the shroud
Of dead Light in the moon-mad north
When great torch-tipping stars stand forth
Above the black, slow-moving pall
As at some fearful funeral!

The moon blares as mad trumpets blare
To marshaled warriors long and loud;
The cobalt blue knows not a cloud,
But oh, beware that moon, beware
Her ghostly, graveyard, moon-mad stare!

Beware white silence more than white!
Beware the five-horned starry rune;
Beware the groaning gorge below;
Beware the wide, white world of snow,
Where trees hang white as hooded nun —
No thing not white, not one, not one!
But most beware that mad white moon.

All day, all day, all night, all night
Nay, nay, not yet or night or day.

Just whiteness, whiteness, ghastly white,
Made doubly white by that mad moon
And strange stars jangled out of tune!

At last, he saw, or seemed to see,
Above, beyond, another world.
Far up the ice-hung path there curled
A red-veined cloud, a canopy
That topt the fearful ice-built peak
That seemed to prop the very porch
Of God's house; then, as if a torch
Burned fierce, there flushed a fiery streak,
A flush, a blush, on heaven's cheek!

The dogs sat down, men sat the sled
And watched the flush, the blush of red.
The little wooly dogs, they knew,
Yet scarce knew what they were about.
They thrust their noses up and out,
They drank the Light, what else to do?
Their little feet, so worn, so true,
Could scarce keep quiet for delight.
They knew, they knew, how much they knew
The mighty breaking up of night!
Their bright eyes sparkled with such joy
That they at last should see loved Light!
The tandem sudden broke all rule;
Swung back, each leaping like a boy
Let loose from some dark, ugly school —
Leaped up and tried to lick his hand —
Stood up as happy children stand.

How tenderly God's finger set
His crimson flower on that height

Above the battered walls of night!
A little space it flourished yet,
And then His angel, His first-born,
Burst through, as on that primal morn!

Joaquin Miller.

OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears, — but this
Blunt thing —!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE'royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the Monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask.
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

Edward Rowland Sill.

LIFE

FORENOON and afternoon and night, — Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night, — Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

Edward Rowland Sill.

A RHYME OF LIFE

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,
Burn, little candle, lit for me,
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see
To word my song, and utterly
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,
Forbid the cunning frost that slays
With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays;
Forever may my song of praise
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,
Oh, bid me not my banners furl
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,
Till I have found the gates of pearl,
And anchored there.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY

THOU needst not weave nor spin,
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in,
Nor, forth a-field at morn,
At eve bring home the corn,
Nor on a winter's night
Make blaze the fagots bright.

So lithe and delicate —
So slender is thy state,
So pale and pure thy face,
So deer-like in their grace
Thy limbs, that all do vie
To take and charm the eye.

Thus, toiling where thou'rt not
Is but the common lot: —
Three men mayhap alone
By strength may move a stone;
But, toiling near to thee,
One man may work as three.

If thou but bend a smile . .
To fall on him the while,

Or if one tender glance, —
Though coy and shot askance, —
His eye discover, then
One man may work as ten.

Men commonly but ask,
“When shall I end my task?”
But seeing thee come in,
’T is, “When may I begin?”
Such power doth beauty bring
To take from toil its sting.

If then thou’lt do but this —
Fling o’er the work a bliss
From thy mere presence — none
Shall think thou’st nothing done;
Thou needst not weave nor spin,
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in.

James Herbert Morse.

INHERITANCE

WE wondered why he always turned aside
When mirth and gladness filled the brimming days:
Who else so fit as he for pleasure’s ways?
Men thought him frozen by a selfish pride;
But that his voice was music none denied,
Or that his smile was like the sun’s warm rays.
One day upon the sands he spoke in praise
Of swimmers who were buffeting the tide:
“The swelling waves of life they dare to meet.
I may not plunge where others safely go, —

Unbidden longings in my pulses beat."
O blind and thoughtless world! you little know
That ever round this hero's steadfast feet
Surges and tugs the dreaded undertow.

Mary Thacher Higginson.

EVENING SONG

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'T is done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands.

Sidney Lanier.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'T was on a tree they slew Him — last,
When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier.

THE STIRRUP-CUP

DEATH, thou'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care,
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'T is thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

Sidney Lanier.

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

WHAT IS GOOD

“What is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said a maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer; —

Spake my heart full sadly,
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
“Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word.”

John Boyle O'Reilly.

AT BEST

THE faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So, man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait;

But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

A WHITE ROSE

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rose bud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR

THE wind from out the west is blowing;
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;
Dark grow the pine-woods, dark and drear —
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines, —
Far off, sublime; and full of fear, —
The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

Richard Watson Gilder.

SONGS

[I]

Not from the whole wide world I chose thee —
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

[II]

Years have flown since I knew thee first,
And I know thee as water is known of thirst;
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

Richard Watson Gilder.

I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES THAT I MEET THEE

I COUNT my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons,
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me;
If thou art far, the bird tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes —
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream;

The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment-day.

Richard Watson Gilder.

AFTER-SONG

THROUGH love to light! O, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

Richard Watson Gilder.

IN EXILE

THE green is on the grass and the blue is in the sky,
And the soft, wet winds of April hurry by;
The earth laughs loud to the waves upon the shore,
But I'm sad for the land I shall never see more.

And often in the night time and often in the day
I know by the tears that my heart is far away;
I know by the tears that my heart is longing sore
For the fair lost land I shall never see more.

Peace is here and plenty, — O the glad relief! —
With laughing of the children between my soul and
grief;
Sorrow is behind us and happy days before, —
But God be with the land I shall never see more!

And deep shame upon me that any one should hear!
The black cloud is gone of the hunger and the fear,
The black care that sat like a wolf beside the door
In the far, far land I shall never see more.

Ever Blessed Savior! be not wroth with me!
For all Thy gifts and mercies, praise and glory be;
But the shadow's in my eyes for the little one I bore,
Who's asleep in the land I shall never see more.

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

THE DAWNING O' THE YEAR

ALL ye who love the springtime — and who but loves
it well

When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to
swell! —

Think not ye ken its beauty, or know its face so dear,
Till ye look upon old Ireland, in the dawning o' the
year!

For where in all the earth is there any joy like this,
When the skylark sings and soars like a spirit into
bliss,

While the thrushes in the bush strain their small
brown mottled throats,

Making all the air rejoice with their clear and mellow
notes;

And the blackbird on the hedge in the golden sunset
glow

Trills with saucy, side-tipped head to the bonny nest
below;

And the dancing wind slips down through the leaves
of the boreen,

And all the world rejoices in the wearing o' the green!

For 'tis green, green, green, where the ruined towers
are gray,

And it's green, green, green, all the happy night and
day;

Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy on the wall,
And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green
of all.

There the primrose breath is sweet, and the yellow
gorse is set

A crown of shining gold on the headlands brown and
wet;

Not a nook of all the land but the daisies make to
glow,

And the happy violets pray in their hidden cells below.

And it's there the earth is merry, like a young thing
newly made

Running wild amid the blossoms in the field and in the
glade,

Babbling ever into music under skies with soft clouds
piled,

Like the laughter and the tears in the blue eyes of a
child.

But the green, green, green, O 'tis that is blithe and
fair!

In the fells and on the hills, gay and gladsome as the
air,

Lying warm above the bog, floating brave on crag
and glen,
Thrusting forty banners high where another land has
ten.

Sure Mother Nature knows of her sore and heavy
grief,
And thus with soft caress would give solace and relief;
Would fold her close in loveliness to keep her from
the cold,
And clasp the mantle o'er her heart with emeralds
and gold.

So ye who love the springtime, — and who but loves
it well
When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to
swell! —
Think not ye ken its beauty or know its face so dear
Till ye meet it in old Ireland in the dawning o' the
year!

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

A PRELUDE

SPIRIT that moves the sap in spring,
When lusty male birds fight and sing,
Inform my words, and make my lines
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

Let mine be the freshening power
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;
The fertilizing song be mine,
Nut-flavored, racy, keen as wine.

Let some procreant truth exhale
From me, before my forces fail;
Or, ere the ecstatic impulse go,
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.

If quick, sound seed be wanting where
The virgin soil feels sun and air,
And longs to fill a higher state,
There let my meanings germinate.

Let not my strength be spilled for naught,
But, in some fresher vessel caught,
Be blended into sweeter forms,
And fraught with purer aims and charms.

Let bloom-dust of my life be blown
To quicken hearts that flower alone;
Around my knees let scions rise
With heavenward-pointing destinies.

And when I fall, like some old tree,
And subtile change makes mould of me,
There let earth show a fertile line
Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine!

Maurice Thompson.

TO AN ORIOLE

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

Edgar Fawcett.

FIREFLIES

I SAW, one sultry night above a swamp,
The darkness throbbing with their golden pomp!

And long my dazzled sight did they entrance
With the weird chaos of their dizzy dance!

Quicker than yellow leaves, when gales despoil,
Quivered the brilliance of their mute turmoil,

Within whose light was intricately blent
Perpetual rise, perpetual descent.

As though their scintillant flickerings had met
In the vague meshes of some airy net!

And now mysteriously I seemed to guess,
While watching their tumultuous loveliness,

What fervor of deep passion strangely thrives
In the warm richness of these tropic lives,

Whose wings can never tremble but they show
These hearts of living fire that beat below!

Edgar Fawcett.

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

John B. Tabb.

TO SHELLEY

At Shelley's birth,
The Lark, dawn-spirit, with an anthem loud
Rose from the dusky earth
To tell it to the Cloud,
That, like a flower night-folded in the gloom,
Burst into morning bloom.

At Shelley's death,
The Sea, that deemed him an immortal, saw
A god's extinguished breath,
And landward, as in awe,
Upbore him to the altar whence he came,
And the rekindling flame. *John B. Tabb.*

ITER SUPREMUM

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, — soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gates where a soul would go.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs, —
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods

And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.

God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

Will Thompson.

ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A MONUMENT IN ENGLAND TO LORD BYRON

THE grass of fifty Aprils hath waved green
Above the spent heart, the Olympian head,
The hands crost idly, the shut eyes unseen,
Unseeing, the locked lips whose song hath fled;
Yet mystic-lived, like some rich, tropic flower,
His fame puts forth fresh blossoms hour by hour;
Wide spread the laden branches dropping dew
On the low, laurelled brow misunderstood,
That bent not, neither bowed, until subdued
By the last foe who crowned while he o'erthrew.

Fair was the Easter Sabbath morn when first
Men heard he had not wakened to its light:
The end had come, and time had done its worst,
For the black cloud had fallen of endless night.
Then in the town, as Greek accosted Greek,
'T was not the wonted festal words to speak,

“Christ is arisen,” but “Our chief is gone,”
With such wan aspect and grief-smitten head
As when the awful cry of “Pan is dead!”
Filled echoing hill and valley with its moan.

“I am more fit for death than the world deems,”
So spake he as life’s light was growing dim,
And turned to sleep as unto soothing dreams.
What terrors could its darkness hold for him,
Familiar with all anguish, but with fear
Still unacquainted? On his martial bier
They laid a sword, a helmet, and a crown —
Meed of the warrior, but not these among
His voiceless lyre, whose silent chords unstrung
Shall wait — how long? — for touches like his own.

An alien country mourned him as her son,
And hailed him hero: his sole, fitting tomb
Were Theseus’ temple or the Parthenon,
Fondly she deemed. His brethren bare him home,
Their exiled glory, past the guarded gate
Where England’s Abbey shelters England’s great.
Afar he rests whose very name hath shed
New lustre on her with the song he sings.
So Shakespeare rests who scorned to lie with kings,
Sleeping at peace midst the unhonored dead.

Emma Lazarus.

VENUS OF THE LOUVRE

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of Love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on.
Time’s brutal hand hath maimed but could not mar.

When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw her not alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car, —
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

Emma Lazarus.

ONE

ONE whitest lily, reddest rose,
None other such the summer knows;
Of bird or brook one perfect tune,
And sung is all the sweet of June.

Once come and gone, the one dear face,
Forever empty is its place;
But one far voice the lover hears,
Calling across the waste of years.

John Vance Cheney.

DAYS THAT COME AND GO

DAYS that come and go,
It is not worth the while;
Only one dawn I know,
The morning of her smile.

Nights that come and go,
 In vain your shadow lies;
 Only love's dusk I know,
 The evening of her eyes.

John Vance Cheney.

IN EXPLANATION

HER lips were so near
 That — what else could I do?
 You'll be angry, I fear.
 But her lips were so near —
 Well, I can't make it clear,
 Or explain it to you.
 But — her lips were so near
 That — what else could I do?

Walter Learned.

FRUITIONLESS

AH, little flower, upspringing, azure-eyed,
 The meadow-brook beside,
 Dropping delicious balms
 Into the tender palms
 Of lover-winds, that woo with light caress,
 In still contentedness,
 Living and blooming thy brief summer-day: —
 So, wiser far than I,
 That only dream and sigh,
 And, sighing, dream my listless life away.

Ah! sweetheart birds, a-building your wee house
 In the broad-leavéd boughs,

Pausing with merry trill
To praise each other's skill,
And nod your pretty heads with pretty pride;
Serenely satisfied
To trill and twitter love's sweet roundelay: —
So, happier than I,
That, lonely, dream and sigh,
And, sighing, dream my lonely life away.

Brown-bodied bees, that scent with nostrils fine
The odorous blossom-wine,
Sipping, with heads half thrust
Into the pollen dust
Of rose and hyacinth and daffodil,
To hive, in amber cell,
A honey feasting for the winter-day: —
So, better far than I,
Self-wrapt, that dream and sigh,
And sighing, dream my useless life away.

Ina Coolbrith.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying, —
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom, —
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was —
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me! ...
Ah, belovéd, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was" —
When the grass grows over me!

Ina Coolbrith.

THE POOL OF SLEEP

I DRAGGED my body to the pool of sleep,
Longing to drink; but ere my throbbing lip
From the cool flood one Dives-drop might sip,
The wave sank fluctuant to some unknown deep.
With aching eyes that could not even weep,
I saw the dark, deluding water slip,
Slow eddying, down; the weeds and mosses drip
With maddening waste. I watched the sweet tide creep
A little higher, but to fall more fast.
Fevered and wounded in the strife of men

I burned with anguish, till, endurance past,
The fount crept upward; sank, and rose again,—
Swelled slowly, slowly, slowly, — till at last
My seared lips met the soothing wave, and
then —
Arlo Bates.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.
“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —
Never afeard are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 't was a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Eugene Field.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years
through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field.

TO A HURT CHILD

WHAT, are you hurt, Sweet? So am I;
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here! So wide
Upon your cheek!

Oh happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak.

Lay here your pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst,
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet. Run back now to your play,
Forget your woes.
I too was sorely hurt this day, —
But no one knows.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN

UNTO the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair, —
The bravest who an entrance gain
Reluctant linger there, —
For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer
the sight,
And Sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the
light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty
blow, —
Like Christmas-roses, which attain
Perfection 'mid the snow, —
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shad-
ows melt,
And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings
is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain! — what lessons
there are bought! —

Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught, —
Amid its loneliness and bloom, grave meanings grow
more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling-place seems God so strangely
near!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES

THE sunshine of thine eyes,
(O still, celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills
With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
O let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air,
I could turn to gold for thee!

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE WIND OF SORROW

THE fire of love was burning, yet so low
That in the dark we scarce could see its rays,
And in the light of perfect-placid days
Nothing but smouldering embers dull and slow.
Vainly, for love's delight, we sought to throw
New pleasures on the pyre to make it blaze:
In life's calm air and tranquil-prosperous ways
We missed the radiant heat of long ago.

Then in the night, a night of sad alarms,
Bitter with pain and black with fog of fears,
That drove us trembling to each other's arms —
Across the gulf of darkness and salt tears,
Into life's calm the wind of sorrow came,
And fanned the fire of love to clearest flame.

Henry van Dyke.

THE VEERY

THE moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood were
pouring,
When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love de-
ploring.
So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange and
eerie;
I longed to hear a simpler strain, — the wood-notes
of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish
heather;
It sprinkles down from far away like light and love
together;
He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding mate,
his dearie;
I only know one song more sweet, — the vespers of
the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of
fruity treasure,
I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry
measure:

The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud and
cheery,
And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the
veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is sing-
ing;
New England woods, at close of day, with that clear
chant are ringing:
And when my light of life is low, and heart and flesh
are weary,
I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of the
veery.

Henry van Dyke.

JOY OF THE MORNING

I HEAR you, little bird,
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.
Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood:
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word:
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white still dawn
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,
I've felt it like a glory in my heart,
(The world's mysterious stir)
But had no throat like yours, my bird,
Nor such a listener.

Edwin Markham.

A LOOK INTO THE GULF

I LOOKED one night, and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
"The bugles! they are crying back again —
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon;
And then went crying on through Nineveh.

.
Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill!
Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,
A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind!"
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again —
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

Edwin Markham.

LION AND LIONESS

ONE night we were together, you and I,
And had unsown Assyria for a lair,
Before the walls of Babylon rose in air.
Low languid hills were heaped along the sky,
And white bones marked the wells of alkali,

When suddenly down the lion-path a sound . . .
The wild man-odor . . . then a crouch, a bound,
And the frail Thing fell quivering with a cry!

Your yellow eyes burned beautiful with light:
The dead man lay there quieted and white:
I roared my triumph over the desert wide,
Then stretched out, glad of the sands and satisfied;
And through the long, star-stilled Assyrian night,
I felt your body breathing by my side.

Edwin Markham.

BROWNING AT ASOLO

THIS is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.

There to the West what a range of blue! —
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves! O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?

See! yonder's his Venice — the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,
Guarding the others: the Palace choir,
The Temple flashing with opal fire —
Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea,

Yesterday he was part of it all —
Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
In the flush of the Alpine afterglow,
Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred
row
Meets in a leafy bacchanal.

Listen a moment — how oft did he! —
To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower
Leading the evening in . . . ah, me!
Here breathes the whole soul of Italy . . .
As one rose breathes with the breath of the
bower.

Sighs were meant for an hour like this
When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
Do you wonder the poet's heart should miss
This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss
And dream of Asolo ever again?

"Part of it yesterday," we moan?
Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
What most we love we are that alone.
His body lies under the Minster stone,
But the love of the warm heart lingers here.
Robert Underwood Johnson.

LOVE AND ITALY

THEY halted at the terrace wall;
Below, the towered city lay;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
Was silent in a swoon of May.

As hand to hand spake one soft word
Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
What part was Love, what Italy.

They knew what makes the moon more bright
Where Beatrice and Juliet are, —
The sweeter perfume in the night,
The lovelier starlight in the star;
And more that glowing hour did prove
Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love
As Love transfigures Italy.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

HER PICTURE

AUTUMN was cold in Plymouth town;
The wind ran round the shore,
Now softly passing up and down,
Now wild and fierce and fleet,
Wavering overhead,
Moaning in the narrow street
As one beside the dead.

The leaves of wrinkled gold and brown
Fluttered here and there,
But not quite heedless where;
For as in hood and sad-hued gown
The Rose of Plymouth took the air,
They whirled, and whirled, and fell to rest
Upon her gentle breast,
Then on the happy earth her foot had pressed.

Autumn is wild in Plymouth town,
Barren and bleak and cold,
And still the dead leaves flutter down
As the years grow old.
And still — forever gravely fair —
Beneath their fitful whirl,
New England's sweetest girl,
Rose Standish, takes the air.

Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME ¹

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble — yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight — soulsight, even — for a space;
And tears — yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

James Whitcomb Riley.

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BEREAVED ¹

LET me come in where you sit weeping, — aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss. — Such arms — such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comforting, —
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM ¹

OLD man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim, —
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life, — and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away, —

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“Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse’f!”

’Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes’ lookin’ at Jim
And likin’ him all to hisse’f-like, see? —
’Cause he was jes’ wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin’, a-watchin’ Jim;
And down at the deepot a-heerin’ him say, —
“Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse’f!”

Never was nothin’ about the farm
Disting’ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man ’peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
’At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin’ good as his farmin’ bad, —
’At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen, —
The old man wound up a letter to him
’At Cap. read to us, ’at said, — “Tell Jim Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse’f!”

Jim come home jes’ long enough
To take the whim
’At he’d like to go back in the calvery —
And the old man jes’ wrapped up in him!

Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade;
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say, —
 "Well, good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
 Some way — jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant, — and one arm gone, —
And the old man's words in his mind all day, —
 "Well, good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
 We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
 And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue

A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His Father's, the old voice in his ears, —
"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER

THE dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh
When some upon their horses
Shall through the battle ride,
And some with bleeding corpses
Must on the heather bide.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly;
But hark, what sudden wonder
Breaks forth upon the gloom?
It is the cannon's thunder —
It is the voice of doom!

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,

And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high;

The grave and holy brother
To God is saying Mass,
But who shall tell his mother,
And who shall tell his lass?

Samuel Minturn Peck.

THE DAISIES

ONCE I came to Siena,
Traveling waywardly;
I sought not church nor palace;
I did not care to see.
In the little park at Siena,
Her famous ways untrod,
I laid me down in the springtime
Upon the daisied sod.
New, but not unfamiliar,
Of my boyhood seemed the scene —
The hillsides of Judaea,
And Turner's pines between;
And tenderly the rugged,
Volcanic rock-lands bare,
Warm in the April weather,
Slept in the melting air.
'T was April in the valleys;
'T was April in the sky;
And from the tufted locusts
The sweet scent wandered by;
But strange to me the sunshine,
And strange the growing grass;

To the branch that cannot blossom
How cold doth April pass!
As lovers, when love is over,
Remembering seem men dead,
Down on the warm bright daisies,
Earth's lover, I laid my head;
And whence or why I know not,
At the touch my eyes were dim,
And I knew that these were the daisies
That Keats felt grow o'er him.

George Edward Woodberry.

DIVINE AWE

To tremble, when I touch her hands,
With awe that no man understands;
To feel soft reverence arise
When, lover-sweet, I meet her eyes;
To see her beauty grow and shine
When most I feel this awe divine, —
Whate'er befall me, this is mine;
And where about the room she moves,
My spirit follows her, and loves.

George Edward Woodberry.

STRONG AS DEATH

O DEATH, when thou shalt come to me
From out thy dark, where she is now,
Come not with graveyard smell on thee,
Or withered roses on thy brow.

Come not, O Death, with hollow tone,
And soundless step, and clammy hand—
Lo, I am now no less alone
Than in thy desolate, doubtful land;

But with that sweet and subtle scent
That ever clung about her (such
As with all things she brushed was blent);
And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair,
Crown thyself, Death; let fall thy tread
So light that I may dream her there,
And turn upon my dying bed.

And through my chilling veins shall flame
My love, as though beneath her breath;
And in her voice but call my name,
And I will follow thee, O Death.

Henry Cuyler Bunner:

WISE

AN apple orchard smells like wine;
A succory flower is blue;
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain
Why one would like to cry
When sprouts are full of April rain —
Such lonely folk go by!

So wise, so wise — that my tears fall
Each breaking of the dawn;
That I do long to tell you all —
But you are dead and gone.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

IN TIME OF GRIEF

DARK, thinned, beside the wall of stone,
The box dripped in the air;
Its odor through my house was blown
Into the chamber there.

Remote and yet distinct the scent,
The sole thing of the kind,
As though one spoke a word half meant
That left a sting behind.

I knew not Grief would go from me
And naught of it be plain,
Except how keen the box can be
After a fall of rain.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE FOUR WINDS

WIND of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars —
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement-squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains—
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose! —
Over magnolia blooms and lilled lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE OLD SOUL

"Not in entire forgetfulness."

THE Old Soul came from far,
Beyond the unlit bound;
There had gone out a star,
And a great world was drowned,

Since birth and death and birth
Were hers, upon the earth.

For she had robed anew
Time and time out of mind;
And, as the sphere of dew
Unshapes into the wind,
Her raiment oft had cast
Into the wasting past.

There was no dizzying height
She had not sometime trod,
No dungeon known of night
But she had felt its rod;
The saint, assoiled from sin —
The saint's arch-foe — had been!

At cruel feasts she sate,
Where heartless mirth ran high;
Through famine's portal strait
Had fled with wailful cry;
All human fates had proved,
And those from man removed.

Yea, she had worn the guise
Of creatures lashed and spurned —
Even of those whose eyes
May not on heaven be turned;
No house too dark or base
To be her tarrying-place!

The Old Soul came from far;
And, all lives having known,

She nowhere touched a bar,
But all was as her own:
And this could none forget,
Who once her look had met!

The Old Soul came from far,
Moving through days and ways
That are not — and that are!
She turned on all her gaze —
Illumed, — deceived — illumed;
Yet still the road resumed.

The Old Soul came from far,
And toward the far she drew.
“Turn home, mine avatar!”
That voice, long lost, she knew;
She heard, she turned — was free —
No more to dream, but Be!

Edith M. Thomas.

EVOE!

“Many are the wand bearers, few are the true bacchanals.”

MANY are the wand-bearers;
Their windy shouts I hear,
Along the hillside vineyard,
And where the wine runs clear;
They show the vine-leaf chaplet,
The ivy-wreathen spear.
But the god, the true Iacchus,
He does not hold them dear.

Many are the wand-bearers;
And bravely are they clad;

Yes, they have all the tokens
His early lovers had.
They sing the master-passions,
Themselves unsad, unglad;
And the god, the true Iacchus —
He knows they are not mad!

Many are the wand-bearers;
The fawn-skin bright they wear;
There are among them maenads
That rave with unbound hair.
They toss the harmless firebrand —
It spends itself in air:
And the god, the true Iacchus,
He smiles — and does not care.

Many are the wand-bearers,
And who (ye ask) am I?
One who was born in madness,
“Evoe”! my first cry —
Who dares, before your spear-points,
To challenge and defy;
And the god, the true Iacchus,
So keep me till I die!

Many are the wand-bearers.
I bear with me no sign;
Yet I was mad, was drunken,
Ere yet I tasted wine;
Nor bleeding grape can slacken
The thirst wherewith I pine;
And the god, the true Iacchus,
Hears now this song of mine.

Edith M. Thomas.

SONNET

METHINKS oft times my heart is like some bee
That goes forth through the summer days and
sings,
And gathers honey from all growing things
In garden plot, or on the clover lea.
When the long afternoon grows late, and she
Would seek her hive, she cannot lift her wings,
So heavily the too sweet burden clings,
From which she would not, and yet would, fly free.
So with my full fond heart; for when it tries
To lift itself to peace-crowned heights, above
The common way where countless feet have trod,
Lo! then this burden of dear human ties,
This growing weight of precious earthly love,
Bends down the spirit that would soar to God.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

INTERLUDE

THE days grow shorter, the nights grow longer,
The headstones thicken along the way;
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger
For those who walk with us, day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower,
The courage is lesser to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart runs lower
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer,
And the better things of the earth seem best;

And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,
And let us speak softly, in love's sweet tone,
For no man knows, on the morrow, whether
We two pass by, or but one alone.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE WORLD'S NEED

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet, —
A crystal and a cell, —
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod, —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high, —

And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod, —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in, —
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod, —
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, —
A mother starved for her brood, —
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod, —
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

OPPORTUNITY

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace — soon or late
I knock, unbidden, once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake — if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

John James Ingalls.

OPPORTUNITY

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day —
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;

My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and
weep;

I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Walter Malone.

THE RACERS

TIME at my elbow plucks me sore;
Yet I'll not slack my pace to hear
The one sad word which, o'er and o'er,
He whispers in my ear.

Upon my hair he dusts his rime;
I shake my head full laughingly,
For howsoever fleet be Time,
He shall not outstrip me.

James B. Kenyon.

THE CRICKET

PIPER of the fields and woods
And the fragrant solitudes,
When the trees are stripped of leaves,
And the choked brook sobs and grieves;
When the golden-rod alone
Feigns the summer hath not flown;
Then while evening airs grow chill,
And the flocks upon the hill

Huddle in the waning light,
Thou, ere falls the frosty night,
To the kine that homeward pass
Pipest 'mid the stiffening grass.
Dark may dawn the winter days, —
Where thou art the summer stays;
Though the ruffian north winds roar,
Lash the roof and smite the door,
Thou from hearths secure and warm
Laugh'st at the brewing storm,
And thy merry minstrelsy
Sets the frozen fancy free.
Dost thou dream, O piper brave,
That from his sea-haunted grave
He who praised thy song of yore
Hath come back to hear once more,
Through high noons, thy strident strain
Borne o'er Enna's saffron plain?
Long, long since the nectared hoard
That the yellow bees have stored
In the turf above thy head
Hath, by many a passing tread
O'er the chamber of his sleep,
In the dust been trampled deep.
From his lentisk couch of rest,
In his shaggy goat-skin vest,
He shall rise no more to hear,
With the poet's raptured ear,
O'er the thymy pastures swell
Morning sounds he loved so well.
Other skies are over us,
And afar Theocritus
Slumbers deep, O piper small,

And he will not heed at all
Though be struck thy shrillest notes;
Yet a voice like thine still floats
O'er him where thy shy kin be
'Mid the dews of Sicily.

James B. Kenyon.

PREVISION

OH, days of beauty standing veiled apart,
With dreamy skies and tender, tremulous air,
In this rich Indian summer of the heart
Well may the earth her jewelled halo wear.

The long brown fields — no longer drear and dull —
Burn with the glow of these deep-hearted hours,
Until the dry weeds seem more beautiful,
More spiritlike than even summer's flowers.

But yesterday the world was stricken bare,
Left old and dead in gray, enshrouding gloom;
To-day what vivid wonder of the air
Awakes the soul of vanished light and bloom?

Sharp with the clean, fine ecstasy of death,
A mightier wind shall strike the shrinking earth,
An exhalation of creative breath
Wake the white wonder of the winter's birth.

In her wide Pantheon — her temple place —
Wrapped in strange beauty and new comforting,
We shall not miss the Summer's full-blown grace,
Nor hunger for the swift, exquisite Spring.

Ada Foster Murray.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FALL

COME, on thy swaying feet,
Wild Spirit of the Fall!
With wind-blown skirts, loose hair of russet-brown,
Crowned with bright berries of the bittersweet.

Trip a light measure with the hurrying leaf,
Straining thy few late roses to thy breast,
With laughter over-gay, sweet eyes drooped down,
That none may guess thy grief.
Dare not to pause for rest
Lest the slow tears should gather to their fall.

But when the cold moon rises o'er the hill,
The last numb crickets cease, and all is still,
Face down thou liest on the frosty ground
Strewed with thy fortune's wreck, alas, thine all —

.
There, on a winter dawn, thy corse I found,
Lone Spirit of the Fall.

Danske Dandridge.

DIES ULTIMA

WHITE in her woven shroud,
Silent she lies,
Deaf to the trumpets loud
Blown through the skies;
Never a sound can mar
Her slumber long:
She is a faded star, —
A finished song!

Over her hangs the sun,
A golden glow;
Round her the planets run,
She does not know;
For neither gloom nor gleam
Can reach her sight:
She is a broken dream, —
A dead delight!

No voice can waken her
Again to sing;
She never more will stir
To feel the spring;
Through the dim ether hurled
Till Time shall tire,
She is a wasted world, —
A frozen fire!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

ON A GREEK VASE

DIVINELY shapen cup, thy lip
Unto me seemeth thus to speak:
"Behold in me the workmanship,
The grace and cunning of a Greek!

"Long ages since he mixed the clay,
Whose sense of symmetry was such,
The labor of a single day
Immortal grew beneath his touch.

"For dreaming while his fingers went
Around this slender neck of mine,

The form of her he loved was blent
With every matchless curve and line.

“Her loveliness to me he gave
Who gave unto herself his heart,
That love and beauty from the grave
Might rise and live again in art.”

And hearing from thy lips this tale
Of love and skill, of art and grace,
Thou seem'st to me no more the frail
Memento of an older race:

But in thy form divinely wrought
And figured o'er with fret and scroll,
I dream, by happy chance was caught,
And dwelleth now, that maiden's soul.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay, I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn!
I would not be bereft
Of the last blue flower in the cleft, —
Of the haze that haunts the hills,
Or the moon that the midnight fills!

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

Hamlin Garland.

IN THE GRASS

O to lie in long grasses!
O to dream of the plain!
Where the west wind sings as it passes
A weird and unceasing refrain;
Where the rank grass wallows and tosses,
And the plains' ring dazzles the eye;
Where hardly a silver cloud bosses
The flashing steel arch of the sky.

To watch the gay gulls as they flutter
Like snowflakes and fall down the sky,
To swoop in the deeps of the hollows,
Where the crow's-foot tosses awry,
And gnats in the lee of the thickets
Are swirling like waltzers in glee
To the harsh, shrill creak of the crickets,
And the song of the lark and the bee.

O far-off plains of my west land!
O lands of winds and the free,
Swift deer —my mist-clad plain!
From my bed in the heart of the forest,
From the clasp and the girdle of pain,
Your light through my darkness passes;
To your meadows in dreaming I fly
To plunge in the deeps of your grasses,
To bask in the light of your sky!

Hamlin Garland.

THE CITY

THEY do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter-blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In that burgh of by and by
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million
strong.

There is only rest and peace
 In the City of Surcease
 From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,
 And the wings of the swift years
 Beat but gently o'er the biers,
 Making music to the sleepers every one.
 There is only peace and rest;
 But to them it seemeth best,
 For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

Richard Burton.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

HIGH thoughts and noble in all lands
 Help me; my soul is fed by such.
 But ah, the touch of lips and hands, —
 The human touch!
 Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear, —
 These need I most, and now, and here.

Richard Burton.

THUS FAR

BECAUSE my life has lain so close to thine,
 Because our hearts have kept a common beat,
 Because thine eyes turned towards me frank and
 sweet
 Reveal sometimes thine untold thoughts to mine,
 Think not that I, by curious design,
 Or over-step of too impetuous feet,
 Could desecrate thy soul's supreme retreat,
 Could disregard its quivering barrier-line.

Only a simple Levite, I, who stand
On the world's side of the most holy place,
Till, as the new day glorifies the east,
One come to lift the veil with reverent hand
And enter with thy soul's soul face to face, —
He whom thy God shall call to be high priest.
Sophie Jewett.

IN THE DARK

LORD, since the strongest human hands I know
Reach through my darkness, will not let me go,
Hold me as if most dear when fallen most low;

Since, even now, when my spent courage lies
Stricken beneath disastrous, quivering skies,
I learn the tenderness of human eyes;

Surely, though night unthinkable impend,
Where human hands nor human eyes befriend,
Thou wilt avail me in the lonely end.

Sophie Jewett.

A LITTLE WAY

A LITTLE way to walk with you, my own —
Only a little way,
Then one of us must weep and walk alone
Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live
Together, that I know
Life would not have one withered rose to give
If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,
With thy heart far from mine,
'T would be for joy that in a little while
They would be kissed by thine!

Frank L. Stanton.

FATE

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart;
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end, —
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied — and this is Fate!

Susan Marr Spalding.

BEGGARS

CHILD with the hungry eyes,
The pallid mouth and brow,
And the lifted, asking hands,
I am more starved than thou.

I beg not on the street;
But where the sinner stands,
In secret place, I beg
Of God, with outstretched hands.

As thou hast asked of me,
Raising thy downcast head,
So have I asked of Him,
So, trembling, have I plead.

Take this and go thy way;
Thy hunger shall soon cease.
Thou prayest but for bread,
And I, alas! for peace.

Ella Higginson.

A LITTLE PARABLE

I MADE the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed — if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

LOVE'S CHANGE

I WENT to dig a grave for Love,
But the earth was so stiff and cold
That, though I strove through the bitter night,
I could not break the mould.

And I said: "Must he lie in my house in state,
And stay in his wonted place?
Must I have him with me another day,
With that awful change in his face?"

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

CARE

ALL in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me
by,

I knew the surging of the sea —

Though never wave were nigh.

All in the leafy darkness, unbroken by a star,

There came the clamorous call of day,

While yet the day was far.

All in the leafy darkness, woven with hushes deep,

I heard the vulture wings of Fear

Above me tireless sweep;

The sea of Doubt, the dread of day, upon me surged
and swept

All in the leafy darkness,

And while the whole world slept.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

BEATI MORTUI

BLESSED the Dead in Spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colours of a forest pool
Where Autumn sees
The splash of walnuts from her thinning trees.

Though wondered-at of some, yea, feared almost
As any chantry ghost,
How sight of these, in hermitage or mart,
Makes glad a wistful heart!
For life's apologetics read most true
In spirits risen anew,
Like larks in air
To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair,
And who from yonder parapet
Scorn every mortal fret,
And rain their sweet bewildering staves
Upon our furrow of fresh-delvèd graves.

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way
Makes men so wondrous gay,
So stripped and free and potently alive,
Who would not his infirmity survive,

And bathe in victory, and come to be
As blithe as ye,
Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;
Turn not away, too fugitive:
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,
And sit with us at meat,
And of your courtesy, on us unwise
Fix oft those purer eyes,
Till in ourselves who love them dwell
The same sure light ineffable:
Till they who walk with us in after years
Forgetting time and tears
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead:
"How blessed are the Dead!"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

SANCTUARY

HIGH above hate I dwell:
O storms! farewell.
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall:
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars, like a dust, and leaves but love
behind.

Hither Felicity
Doth climb to me,
And bank me in with turf and marjoram
Such as bees lip, or the new-weanèd lamb;

With golden barberry-wreath,
And bluets thick beneath;
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest
With bud-red breast,
Is singing, singing! All the hells that rage
Float less than April fog below our hermitage.
Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE JUGGLER

Look how he throws them up and up,
The beautiful golden balls!
They hang aloft in the purple air,
And there never is one that falls.

He sends them hot from his steady hand,
He teaches them all their curves;
And whether the reach be little or long,
There never is one that swerves.

Some, like the tiny red one there,
He never lets go far;
And some he has sent to the roof of the tent,
To swim without a jar.

So white and still they seem to hang,
You wonder if he forgot
To reckon the time of their return
And measure their golden lot.

Can it be that, hurried or tired out,
The hand of the juggler shook?
O never you fear, his eye is clear,
He knows them all like a book.

And they will home to his hand at last,
For he pulls them by a cord
Finer than silk and strong as fate,
That is just the bid of his word.

Was there ever such a sight in the world?
Like a wonderful winding skein, —
The way he tangles them up together
And ravel's them out again!

He has so many moving now,
You can hardly believe your eyes;
And yet they say he can handle twice
The number when he tries.

You take your choice and give me mine,
I know the one for me,
It's that great bluish one low down
Like a ship's light out at sea.

It has not moved for a minute or more.
The marvel that it can keep
As if it had been set there to spin
For a thousand years asleep!

If I could have him at the inn
All by myself some night, —
Inquire his country, and where in the world
He came by that cunning sleight!

Where do you guess he learned the trick
To hold us gaping here,
Till our minds in the spell of his maze almost
Have forgotten the time of year?

One never could have the least idea.
Yet why be disposed to twit
A fellow who does such wonderful things
With the merest lack of wit?

Likely enough, when the show is done
And the balls all back in his hand,
He'll tell us why he is smiling so,
And we shall understand.

Bliss Carman.

THE GRAVEDIGGER

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done.
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore, —
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made, they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago;

And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town;
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled;
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of eld were sung;
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And wilful she must have been,
That she could bide at his gruesome side
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home;
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
To handle the tallest mast;
From the royal barque to the slaver dark,
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore, —
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Bliss Carman.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love, —
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampton and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;

Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not, —
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England !

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's, —
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor, —
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground, —
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!

Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea, —
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
England !

Helen Gray Cone.

THE KAVANAGH

A STONE jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!

Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And a health to the one away,
Who drifts down careless Italy,
God's wanderer and estray!
For friends are more than Arno's store
Of garnered charm, and he
Were blither with us here the night
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,
And let the warm night in!
Who knows what revelry in Mars
May rhyme with rouse akin?
Fill up and drain the loving cup
And leave no drop to waste!
The moon looks in to see what's up —
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll
Be now an idle thing?
The world is his who takes his toll,
A vagrant or a king.
What though the crown be melted down,
And the heir a gypsy roam?
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And the moonlight on the floor!
Who were a man to do with less?
What emperor has more?
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And three stout hearts to drain
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth
And the joy of the love of men.

Richard Hovey.

AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted!
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle, —
For, whether we're right or whether we're wrong,
There's a rose for every thistle.
Here's luck!
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
Here's luck!
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

Richard Hovey.

ON THE DEATH OF A
METAPHYSICIAN

UNHAPPY dreamer, who outwinged in flight
The pleasant region of the things I love,
And soared beyond the sunshine, and above
The golden cornfields and the dear and bright
Warmth of the hearth, — blasphemmer of de-
light,
Was your proud bosom not at peace with Jove,
That you sought, thankless for his guarded grove,
The empty horror of abysmal night?
Ah, the thin air is cold above the moon!
I stood and saw you fall, befooled in death,
As, in your numbèd spirit's fatal swoon,
You cried you were a god, or were to be;
I heard with feeble moan your boastful breath
Bubble from depths of the Icarian sea.

George Santayana.

KU KLUX

WE have sent him seeds of the melon's core,
And nailed a warning upon his door:
By the Ku Klux laws we can do no more.

Down in the hollow, mid crib and stack,
The roof of his low-porched house looms black;
Not a line of light at the door-sill's crack.

Yet arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide!
And for a word too much men oft have died.

The clouds blow heavy toward the moon.
The edge of the storm will reach it soon.
The killdee cries and the lonesome loon.

The clouds shall flush with a wilder glare
Than the lightning makes with its angled flare,
When the Ku Klux verdict is given there.

In the pause of the thunder rolling low,
A rifle's answer — who shall know
From the wind's fierce hurl and the rain's black
 blow?

Only the signature, written grim
At the end of the message brought to him —
A hempen rope and a twisted limb.

So arm and mount! and mask and ride!
The hounds can sense though the fox may hide! —
For a word too much oft men have died.

Madison Cawein.

THE RAIN-CROW

CAN freckled August, — drowsing warm and blonde
Beside a wheat-shock in the white-topped mead,
In her hot hair the oxeyed daisies wound, —
O bird of rain, lend aught but sleepy heed
To thee? when no plumed weed, no feather'd seed
Blows by her; and no ripple breaks the pond,
That gleams like flint between its rim of grasses,
Through which the dragonfly forever passes
 Like splintered diamond.

Drouth weights the trees, and from the farmhouse
eaves

The locust, pulse-beat of the summer day,
Throbs; and the lane, that shambles under leaves
Limp with the heat — a league of ruddy way —
Is lost in dust; and sultry scents of hay
Breathe from the panting meadows heaped with
sheaves.

Now, now, O bird, what hint is there of rain,
In thirsty heaven or on burning plain,
That thy keen eye perceives?

But thou art right. Thou prophesiest true.

For hardly hast thou ceased thy forecasting,
When, up the western fierceness of scorched blue,
Great water-carrier winds their buckets bring
Brimming with freshness. How their dippers ring
And flash and rumble! lavishing dark dew
On corn and forestland, that, streaming wet,
Their hilly backs against the downpour set,
Like giants vague in view.

The butterfly, safe under leaf and flower,

Has found a roof, knowing how true thou art;
The bumble-bee, within the last half-hour,
Has ceased to hug the honey to its heart;
While in the barnyard, under shed and cart,
Brood-hens have housed. — But I, who scorned thy
power,

Barometer of birds, — like August there, —
Beneath a beech, dripping from foot to hair,
Like some drenched truant, cower.

Madison Cawein.

I FEAR NO POWER A WOMAN WIELDS

I FEAR no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields,
With comradeship alone of gun,
Gray marsh-wastes and the burning sun.

For aye the heart's most poignant pain
Will wear away 'neath hail and rain,
And rush of winds through branches bare
With something still to do and dare, —

The lonely watch beside the shore,
The wild-fowl's cry, the sweep of oar,
And paths of virgin sky to scan
Untrod, and so uncursed by man.

Gramercy, for thy haunting face,
Thy charm of voice and lissome grace,
I fear no power a woman wields
While I can have the woods and fields.

Ernest McGaffey.

TO ARCADY

ACROSS the hills of Arcady
Into the Land of Song —
Ah, dear, if you will go with me
The way will not be long.

It does not lie through solitudes
Of wind-blown woods or sea;

Dear, no! the city's weariest moods
May scarce veil Arcady.

'Tis in no unfamiliar land
Lit by some distant star;
See! Arcady is where you stand,
And song is where you are.

Then go but hand in hand with me —
No road can lead us wrong;
Here are the hills of Arcady —
This is the Land of Song.

Charles Buxton Going.

THE EAST WIND

GRAY-COWLED wind of the east!
Grimly you chant your psalter,
The sea your wild high-priest
And the seething rocks your altar
On which, in fierce confusion
While sad stars hide their eyes,
You fling your dread profusion
Of human sacrifice.

And then, by hill and prairie
As one who strives for rest,
As seeking sanctuary,
Unhailed, unloved, unblest,
You still cry on, entraining
Your clouds of spectral hosts —
Shivering and complaining,
Eerie wind of the ghosts!

Charles Buxton Going.

LOVE SONG

I LOVE my life, but not too well
To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
Deep in its perfume but an hour.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To sing it note by note away,
So to thy soul the song may tell
The beauty of the desolate day.
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
Between thy lonely heart and mine.
I love my life, but not too well.

Harriet Monroe.

A FAREWELL

GOOD-BYE! — no, do not grieve that it is over,
The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
Flits from the flower.

Grieve not — it is the law. Love will be flying —
Yes, love and all.
Glad was the living — blessed be the dying.
Let the leaves fall.

Harriet Monroe,

THE SHADOW-CHILD

*Why do the wheels go whirring round,
Mother, mother ?*

*Oh, mother, are they giants bound,
And will they growl forever ?*

Yes, fiery giants underground,
Daughter, little daughter,
Forever turn the wheels around,
And rumble-grumble ever.

*Why do I pick the threads all day,
Mother, mother ?*

*While sunshine children are at play ?
And must I work forever ?*

Yes, shadow-child; the live-long day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Your hands must pick the threads away,
And feel the sunshine never.

*Why do the birds sing in the sun,
Mother, mother ?*

*If all day long I run and run,
Run with the wheels forever ?*

The birds may sing till day is done,
Daughter, little daughter,
But with the wheels your feet must run —
Run with the wheels forever.

*Why do I feel so tired each night,
Mother, mother ?*

*The wheels are always buzzing bright;
Do they grow sleepy never ?*

Oh, baby thing, so soft and white,
Daughter, little daughter,
The big wheels grind us in their might,
And they will grind forever.

*And is the white thread never spun,
Mother, mother?*

*And is the white cloth never done,
For you and me done never?*

Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun,
Daughter, little daughter,
When we lie down out in the sun,
And work no more forever.

*And when will come that happy day,
Mother, mother?*

*Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play
Out in the sun forever?*

Nay, shadow-child, we'll rest all day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Where green grass grows and roses gay,
There in the sun forever.

Harriet Monroe.

ONE DISTANT APRIL

Ah, worshipped one, ah, faithful Spring,
Again you come, again you bring
That flock of flowers from the fold
Where warm it slept while we were cold.

What shall we say to one so dear
Who keeps her promise every year?

Ah, hear me promise, and as true
As you to us am I to you:

Ne'er shall you come and as a child
Sit in the market piping mild,
With dance suggestion in your glance,
And I not dance, and I not dance!

But you the same will always be,
While ninety springs will alter me;
Yet truly as you come and play,
So truly will I dance, I say.

There is a strange thing to be seen
One distant April pink and green:
Before a young child piping sweet
An old child dancing with spent feet.

Gertrude Hall.

FLOS AEVORUM

You must mean more than just this hour,
You perfect thing so subtly fair,
Simple and complex as a flower,
Wrought with such planetary care;
How patient the eternal power
That wove the marvel of your hair.

How long the sunlight and the sea
Wove and re-wove this rippling gold
To rhythms of eternity;
And many a flashing thing grew old,
Waiting this miracle to be;
And painted marvels manifold.

Still with his work unsatisfied,
Eager each new effect to try,
The solemn artist cast aside
Rainbow and shell and butterfly,
As some stern blacksmith scatters wide
The sparks that from his anvil fly.

How many shells, whorl within whorl,
Litter the marges of the sphere
With rack of unregarded pearl,
To shape that little thing, your ear:
Creation, just to make one girl,
Hath travailed with exceeding fear.

The moonlight of forgotten seas
Dwells in your eyes, and on your tongue
The honey of a million bees,
And all the sorrows of all song:
You are the ending of all these,
The world grew old to make you young.

All time hath traveled to this rose;
To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows;
And Death and April, nights and days
Unnumbered, unimagined throes,
Find in this flower their meeting place.

Strange artist, to my aching thought
Give answer: all the patient power
That to this perfect ending wrought,
Shall it mean nothing but an hour?
Say not that it is all for nought
Time brings Eternity a flower.

Richard Le Gallienne.

WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

WHAT of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms? And find we silence there?
Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never know,
With some strange faith our faces never dare, —
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?
Day shows us not such comfort anywhere —
Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call —
Day that shows man so great, and God so small,
That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass —
O is the Darkness too a lying glass!
Or undistracted, do you find truth there?
What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

Richard Le Gallienne.

INFINITY

I DARE not think that thou art by, to stand
And face omnipotence so near at hand!

When I consider thee, how must I shrink;
How must I say, I do not understand,
I dare not think!

I cannot stand before the thought of thee,
Infinite Fullness of Eternity!

So close that all the outlines of the land
Are lost, — in the inflowing of thy sea
I cannot stand.

I think of thee, and as the crystal bowl
Is broken, and the waters of the soul
Go down to death within the crystal sea,
I faint and fail when (thou, the perfect whole)
I think of thee.

Philip Henry Savage.

PANDORA SONG

I STOOD within the heart of God;
It seemed a place that I had known:
(I was blood-sister to the clod,
Blood-brother to the stone.)

I found my love and labor there,
My house, my raiment, meat and wine,
My ancient rage, my old despair, —
Yea, all things that were mine.

I saw the spring and summer pass,
The trees grow bare, and winter come;
All was the same as once it was
Upon my hills at home.

Then suddenly in my own heart
I felt God walk and gaze about;
He spoke; his words seemed held apart
With gladness and with doubt.

"Here is my meat and wine," He said,
"My love, my toil, my ancient care;
Here is my cloak, my book, my bed,
And here my old despair.

"Here are my seasons: winter, spring,
Summer the same, and autumn spills
The fruits I look for; everything
As on my heavenly hills."

William Vaughn Moody.

"OF WOUNDS AND SORE DEFEAT"

OF wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

William Vaughn Moody.

ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE
PHILIPPINES

STREETS of the roaring town,
Hush for him, hush, be still!
He comes, who was stricken down
Doing the word of our will.
Hush! Let him have his state,
Give him his soldier's crown.
The grists of trade can wait
Their grinding at the mill,

But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet
has been blown;

Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on
his breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll
Till the clashing air is dim.
Did we wrong this parted soul?
We will make it up to him.
Toll! Let him never guess
What work we set him to.
Laurel, laurel, yes;
He did what we bade him do.

Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he
fought was good;

Never a word that the blood on his sword was his
country's own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier
Who dies that his land may live;

O, banners, banners here,
 That he doubt not nor misgive!
 That he heed not from the tomb
 The evil days draw near
 When the nation, robed in gloom,
 With its faithless past shall strive.

Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went
 wide of its island mark,

Home to the heart of his darling land where she
 stumbled and sinned in the dark.

William Vaughn Moody.

WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

(New York Harbor, August 20, 1898)

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er map-
 less miles of sea,

On winds and tides the gospel rides that the further-
 most isles are free,

And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor, and
 height, and hill,

Breaker and beach cry each to each, " 'Tis the Mother
 who calls! Be still!"

Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from
 harm,

Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
 sovereign arm,

Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade
 her navies roam, .

Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls
 them this time home!

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep
in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened
stars!

Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannon-
ade,
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long
blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace!
Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade
them rise and go, —
How, when the stirring summons smote on her chil-
dren's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the
whole land answered, "Here!"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the
sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should
meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then,
on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of
their country's God!

Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and
free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends
of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in
wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her
across the strait: —
But better the golden evening when the ships round
heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of
seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the
men who win!
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when
the great gray ships come in!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

LULLABY

BEDTIME's come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb,
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don' you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.

My, but you's a-runnin' wil',
Look jes' lak some po' folks' chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now — sich a sight!
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white?
Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' cain't hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Had n't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y' ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don' you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

COMPENSATION

BECAUSE I had loved so deeply,
Because I had loved so long,
God in his great compassion
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly,
And sung with such faltering breath,
The Master, in infinite mercy,
Offers the boon of Death.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE END

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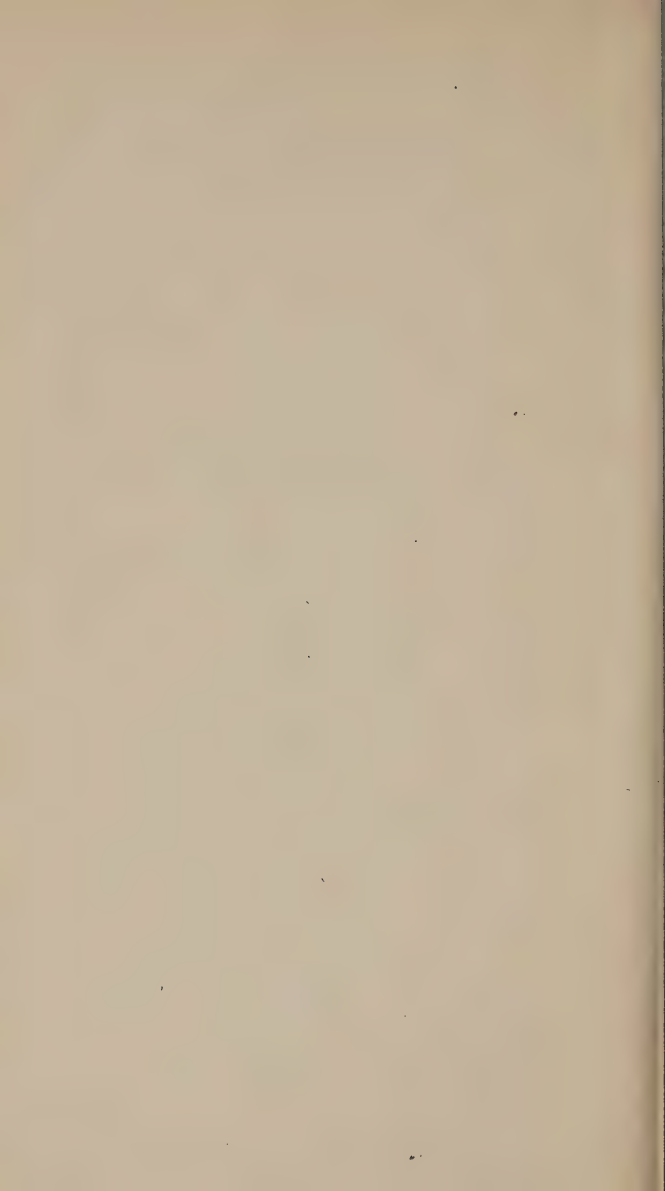
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